

The Devil's Due. © Xen. 5th

With his followers in tow, the other day a Baptist preacher ringing my doorbell, early on a Saturday morning, rudely – interrupted me. Answering it launched him into a verbal diatribe extolling all the ‘blessed’ reasons why I should visit his church, punctuated by ‘amen’ from his entourage – aka the peanut gallery. Unamused, I listened to his discourse about all the evil that Satan and his representatives create in the world to promote ‘*sin*.’ Then he suddenly became expectantly silent awaiting an answer. I faced the group squarely, and looked him in the eye then said, ‘Funny coincidence, the Devil visited earlier today and said the same things about you,’ then gently closed the door and resumed my tasks. Those folks stopped visiting me, I wonder why. Holy rollers at my door go away and do not come round here no more; you don’t know the first thing about *saving* me. Did you ever notice with these people, the Devil never has a chance to have his say? Somebody has to be Devil’s advocate and defend the poor guy ☺.